



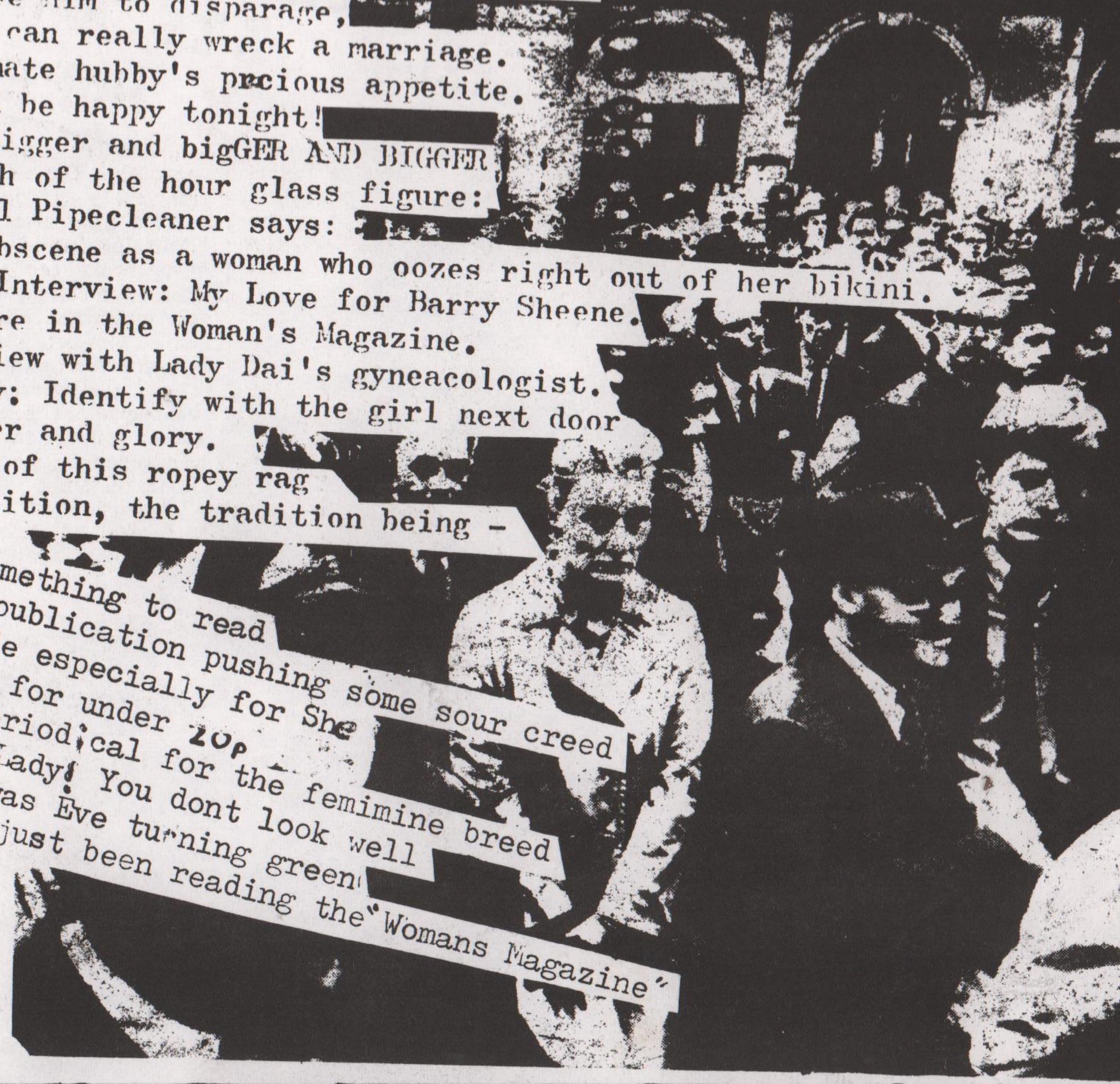
# OWN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

There's a gorgeous lips competition  
Compete for the winner's purse.  
A four page pull-out on skin care:  
Drive out unsightly hair and hidden dirt.  
There's a perfume survey - Don't you want to smell nice  
For the big, fat, stinking baboon in your life?  
Learn the art of speed crochet,  
See all the latest fashions.  
Plus! A speight of highly complicated winter knitting patterns.  
There's a short soapy story by 'Davinia Schmaltz'  
A Hospital romance - 'The Angina Waltz'.  
So whilst the kids are in the creche  
You can stimulate your brain.  
Read how Wendy Craig copes with kids, career and migraine.  
When the housework's done, flick through the pages.  
Read how Barbara Cartland dies her wig and lies about her age.  
There's a quiz to find out if you're 'The ideal Mother'.  
Advice on how to stop your man falling for another -  
Bad pastry will cause him to disparage,  
And tasteless gravy can really wreck a marriage.  
So! Never underestimate hubby's precious appetite.  
Use our recipies and be happy tonight!  
And whilst he gets bigger and bigger AND BIGGER!  
You must go in search of the hour glass figure:  
Slimming expert Ethel Pipecleaner says:  
There's nothing so obscene as a woman who oozes right out of her bikini.  
Special feature- An Interview: My Love for Barry Sheene.  
All this crap and more in the Woman's Magazine.  
Next Week! An interview with Lady Dai's gynecologist.  
It's the Inside Story: Identify with the girl next door  
Who married into power and glory.  
Get the next edition of this ropey rag  
That hangs on to tradition, the tradition being -  
Keep JETT gagged.

Something to read  
A publication pushing some sour creed  
Made especially for She  
All for under 20p  
A periodical for the feminine breed  
Hey Lady! You dont look well  
It was Eve turning green  
She'd just been reading the "Womans Magazine"

A SHEFFIELD  
RANT

by  
mark  
mi  
WUDZ



## Mucky Lasses

A scurrying covey  
A coven of women  
A trio made vulgar  
By make-up and drink  
One is a bleach blonde  
With lifeless hair - lnt white  
Throws back her head  
And laughs at the sky  
Prostitutes harlots

Whores slags or scrubbers  
These are the names that you give  
When you've bought what they sell  
What drives you to buy  
What you can't bribe your wife for  
What makes you despise what you  
Lay out hard cash for  
immoral disgusting illegal obscene  
You get what you pay for  
JUST hope it's not POX

TOOZ ©



## BLOOD FOR OIL

UP To there NECKS  
IN MUCK AN Bullet's  
Fighting FOR A Rock  
WITH OIL UNDER it  
it's FOR The People  
who Live UPON it  
DON'T TALK SHIT it's oil that's  
WANTED  
cos People Don't Count  
it's MONEY that's TALKING  
FOR the CAPITALIST WORLD  
Where The ONE'S WITH THE OIL  
CONTROL the WORK'S  
The ESSENTIAL HEART  
OF THE CAPITALIST WORLD  
So DON'T Give me SHIT  
ABOUT the COUNTRY  
People's Rights  
AN FUCKING SOVRENTY  
it's OIL that's WANTED  
NOT PEOPLE's CHOICE'S  
Digging FOR VICTORY  
While LINING there POCKETS  
cos the WAR MONGERS in PARLIAMENT  
OWN ALL OF the ARMEMENTS  
FACTORY'S AND SHIP YARD'S  
MISILES AN Bullet's  
cos They PAY FOR the OIL  
in the BLOOD of YOUR SON'S  
How MANY DEAD Body's  
To RUN A CAR??



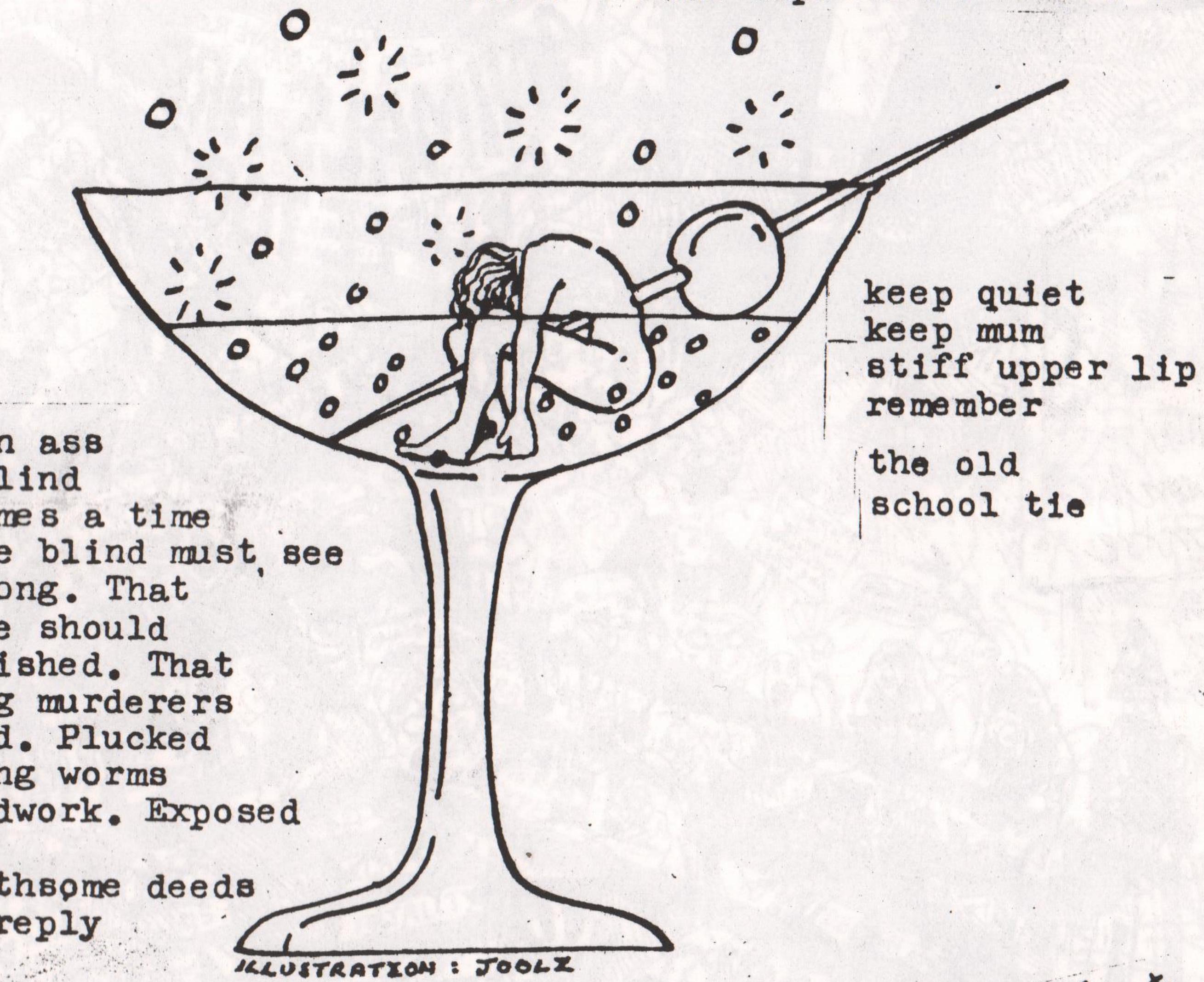
GO FOR IT MEGA 1....

GINGER JOHN 1983 ©  
IPSWICH 22/11/86 ← PHONE FOR GIGS/INFO

## Privilige

This is the one  
for Helen Smith  
who was beaten to death in Saudi Arabia  
murdered by pissed-up jet set thugs  
who thought they could get away scot-free  
by tossing her battered body aside  
like a used rag  
into the night

They knew they were safe  
perfect crime even  
dead girls don't talk  
when murder's the topic  
all lips are sealed  
at the Foreign Office  
don't make a scene  
can't have a scandal  
mustn't cock diplomatic relations



The law is an ass  
justice is blind  
but there comes a time  
when even the blind must see  
that it's wrong. That  
bestial crime should  
not go unpunished. That  
smug, smiling murderers  
must be found. Plucked  
like wriggling worms  
from the woodwork. Exposed  
in the light  
of their loathsome deeds  
and made to reply  
for the same

Privilige means  
you can do what you like  
kill who you like  
(if you know the right people)  
murder young girls  
(if you throw the right parties)  
break any law  
(if you grease the right palms)  
(fly the right flag)  
(lick the right arseholes)  
phone the right folk  
when a problem occurs  
'Hello old bean  
we've a murder here  
could we please have  
the fix-it brigade?'

Privilige, it seems  
is a power, it seems  
a power without limits  
or mercy; a pickaxe power, without  
parallel, pity or pride  
but it built the walls  
for the guilty  
to hide behind

Willi Beckett



MOLTOV DIREZT ACTION PIN UP #1  
This month "Animal liberation"  
CHOP CHOP Hurry up!

BRING ME MY INVENTIONS"  
cried THE 4TH EARL OF SANDWICH

By Mr  
CARLTON B.  
MORGAN (WHO  
IS  
WELSH)

'BRING ME MY INVENTIONS' CRIED THE 4TH EARL OF SANDWICH  
SO BRING ME THOSE THINGS, THOSE THINGS THAT I MADE  
'BRING ME MY INVENTIONS' CRIED THE 4TH EARL OF SANDWICH  
AS HE PLAYED

NUMBERS FASCINATED THE EARL, HE EVEN HAD ONE IN HIS NAME

CIRCA THE EIGHTEENTH BIG GAMES  
CHANCE, CHANGE + THE WHIMS OF NAME FORTUNE  
THE EARL OILS THE WHEELS RATHER THAN EATING MEALS  
HIS STOMACH PIT RUMBLES HE GRUMBLIES GROWLING  
IMPATIENCE A GNAWING AT HIS INSIDES ASWIFT  
DASH TO KITCHEN AREA DOWNSTAIRS, BURST IN  
SCATTERS SERVANTS, SLICING BREAD  
PLAYING BREAD BETWEEN....

WE ARE NOW SO VERY ACCUSTOMED...

thus it is at last come to pass  
the sandwich is invented  
after centuries of struggle  
before this occurrence

we must conclude  
the serving classes and the poor  
regularly busying themselves  
with the feeding of the pure-bred  
landowner folks

had not the wisdom or inventiveness  
to even conceive phase one of this project  
despite the presence of all the basic ingredients...  
bread butter cheese etcetera

feiling to even conceive the notion  
that the insertion

of things between other things  
would result in such a result

materializing

utilising perhaps a mere number one piece of bread  
or three and no filling  
the latter option unappetising  
the former leaving unfortunate jam  
on the interior of ones briefcase

monks in Tibet placing nothing between nothing, thus;  
NOTHING  
nothing  
NOTHING

scientists placing gases between liquids  
folks spreading spread over objects such as rocks & refrigerator tops  
yet all of this activity stopped & ceased  
when the 4th Earl fell upon the secret

the sandwich  
the perfect marriage  
twixt form & content  
all you arty types  
out there

E = MC<sup>2</sup>  
SAE  
BUTTER  
END ELEVATION  
CLOTH  
WOOD  
BREAD  
PLAN FOR SANDWICH

NEWS SOON SPREAD OF THIS WONDERFUL  
INNOVATION  
THE HUMAN RACE MAKING SANDWICHES  
OF THINGS ALL OVER THE PLACE  
BUT DONT FORGET IT TOOK AN ARISTOCRAT  
TO THINK OF THAT

MOLTOV COMICS NO.6  
IS STILL AVAILABLE

FLAT 3b Belle Vue House, Belle Vue Rd  
Leeds 3. W. Yorks

FLIPPING GOOD EANZINES,  
ATTACK ON B'ZAG:LEEDS  
TIGER RAG:IPSWICH  
COOL NOTES:LONDON



STOCK BURGERS ARE POOL  
RANT AGAINST RELICS

(STOLEN FROM TIGER RAG)

LEEDS OTHER PAPER

SOUNDS

RAUNTING FOR A FUTURE

The latest issue of the pioneer  
street socialist scribble sheet:

Molotov Comics has just

Here's a kick up the arts,  
the sixth edition of Molotov  
Comics - featuring poems,  
graphics and what-not from  
the likes of Joolz, Seething  
Wells, Little Brother and  
other newer names.

Swells tells LOP that it is  
"non-boring, non-poetry from  
northern geniuses. 22 pages  
of enthralling mind blitzed  
junk for the price of three  
packets of crisps."

There's certainly enough in  
it to make it worth reading,  
and for 30p who can com-  
plain, though it has  
overplayed the tough 'n'  
angry image so that it whiffs  
a bit of machismo. Still,  
there's a lot in it to pick and  
choose, showing that the  
printed word is not dead as a  
means of self expression  
these days.

LEEDS STUDENT

Comics

MOLTOV COMICS NO.6

The new edition of  
Molotov Comics - the  
non-poetry, non-boring  
ranting fanzine, produced  
by self-styled Bradford  
'sex-poet' Seething Wells -  
is out at last. Some around  
here have been heard to  
suggest that it fares badly  
in set against earlier  
issues but it does contain  
contributions from Swells  
himself, Joolz, Nick  
Tocze, Atilla The  
Stockbroker, Little Brother  
and Beki Bondage and all

for the meagre sum of 20p.  
To who's complaining?

...as Little Brother, Atilla the  
Stockbroker, and Beki Bondage,  
Anti-Falklands, anti-  
Tories, Anti-Fascist, their  
message is plain and repe-  
ated in seventeen different  
ways ... d'you mean to say  
that you've never heard  
of someone's got to be  
uncool so that the rest can  
sneer. What is the point of us  
having a cultural rebo-  
lution if you're missing it?  
Remember 'poetry'? Well  
FORGET IT! MEET ANGRY  
RANTING VERSE. It makes  
sense.

Well, some sort of sense:  
those with a concrete point -  
'Hitler's birthday party' - for  
instance, about 'the creeping  
growth of admiration for, and  
even acceptance of, Third  
Reich fanatics, style and  
all', or 'the return of the  
Wiz' - 'a rant about pin-  
striped posers'. Scornful, satir-  
ical, satirical, 'Lucy O'Brien  
LUCY O'BRIEN

is just  
one of the lusty contributors  
to Molotov Comics, a collection  
of radical ranting verse from the  
likes of Swells, Atilla, Gail  
Johnson and Steve Drewett  
currently on sale at all the best  
Cambridge Poetry Readings (Shame  
mishtake here surely - Ed.).

What with this and Liverpool's  
Another Day Another Word pole  
poetry collection it seems like  
the jolly old poetry establishment  
are in for a rough ride from street-  
sussed youth. Will ye come back  
again Gail Johnson? We don't  
know but we think we should be  
told preferably over a large round  
of drinks.

sometimes becomes tiring -  
as in Herma Zeta's altered  
'Piggy Kings' and 'Porky  
Princes', or Seething Wells's  
'Tough Tonka Toys for Boys'.  
Angry humour and vigorous  
cartoons save Molotov  
Comics from becoming  
depressing, and the mix  
in the extremes that it is  
not to be taken too seriously.  
It'd be easy to pull it apart,  
but the sentiment is there ...  
"It tells you the TRUTH about  
things. THAT MATTER. If we  
say CHERRY BLOSSOM we  
mean BOOT POLISH not  
SHRUBBERY."

IN LOVE WITH THE Rock'n'Roll WOODAH!

ILLUSTRATION ORIGINALLY BY DAVID WRIGHT

**JUNK**

**Joe Strummer mouthed to a music hack**  
**Joe Strummer once also said**  
**"You simply wouldn't believe our debt."**

**With a Roll\$ Royce painted Dollar green**  
**And a nose full of krishna brand coke**  
**John Lennon sniffed, smiled and \$poke**  
**"Imagine no religion and no possessions too!"**

**You promised no more Beatles, Joe**  
**It's \$ix years on and there's still 3 to go**

"It's just ass-kicking rock 'n' roll"

Promises, Promises tears and lies  
"Our Fenders carry Bayonet \$." he said  
I'm the brave new World  
I'm the Uncle Joe \$talin of Rock 'n' Roll  
And its time for a fucking purge!

Joe \$trummer whistles thru the gaps in his fangs  
Lets put the rich in prison camp  
Well here's a quote from \$eething Wells  
Theres room for hypocrites af well  
In the Gulag a go-go  
The all night and every night  
Prison camp for parasites  
\$iberia plays host to the permanently stoned  
Where the bouncers are commisars  
And you can't shift the show

Promises Promises tears and lies  
You've been knob gobbled  
By the you scratch my face I'll fuck yours  
Running dogs with Running Sores  
You've been bought off by the providers of Smack  
And we'll drop the ideals

LOST REVOLUTION

**Night Wells**

1. The mature article was misleading (there was no "sex act") and the event (a left unnamed woman) was irrelevant. The evidence presented for the angle of "Rant Against Relics" the story was insubstantial and when we examine it closely we find

2. I have received no complaint about the performance either before or after

3. I enjoyed the show and was not disgusted or offended by any part of the performance or opinion because only two people were present at the event (a left unnamed woman) himself.

4. The Fringe gave warning of the content of the event in the following words: "The show which turns the arty-farty world of poetry on its head" (clearly written in each of the 10,000 Fringe Programmes in circulation). We cannot, of course, give warning.

**ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER**

**THE NIGHT I SLEPT WITH SEETHING WELLS**

A far of town AND a late NIGHT Bash!  
AND a double BED was our PLACE to CRASH  
So Listen HERE cos this story tells  
Of the NIGHT I SLEPT with Seething Wells  
I didnt MIND -OR SO I said  
BUT I WISH I'D HAD THE FLOOR INSTEAD  
'Cos youD NEVER gUESS THE Thousand Hells  
WHEN He GOT UNDRESSED I had to Retreat  
FROM HIS shaven HEAD AND MOULDY Feet  
THE Feet THAT LAUNCHED A Thousand SMELLS  
IN THAT FRAGrant Night with Seething Wells  
So I KEPT right CLOSE to the EDGE of the bed  
AND PULLED the blanket over me head  
BUT HERE his SNORES AND STIFLED yELLS  
Soon WOKE. Me THANKS To Seething WELLS  
And turning I came face to face  
With a MASSIVE boil in a PRIVATE place  
And a couple of HAIRy Baggatelles  
MADE Me run like HELL from Seething Wells  
And I SWARE right then THAT if Need BE  
I'd SPEND THE NIGHT in a CEMETRY  
OR sleep with DOGS -or dead guzzelles  
BUT NEVER AGAIN  
WITH SEETHING WELLS

**FESTIVAL STORY**

**Revolting and disgusting, says girl**

**Poet's Festival Story**

**Shockers**

**Next - KILLER OF A STORM**

**A STORM has erupted**

**"Anti" poetry at H**

**Protestors claimed the y**

**at Saturday night's 'Rant Ag**

**show should have been wa**

**some of the content.**

**And they fear the**

**performers by radical**

**poet**

**8**

**The Rev. Don Tordoff — he would not like to see the**

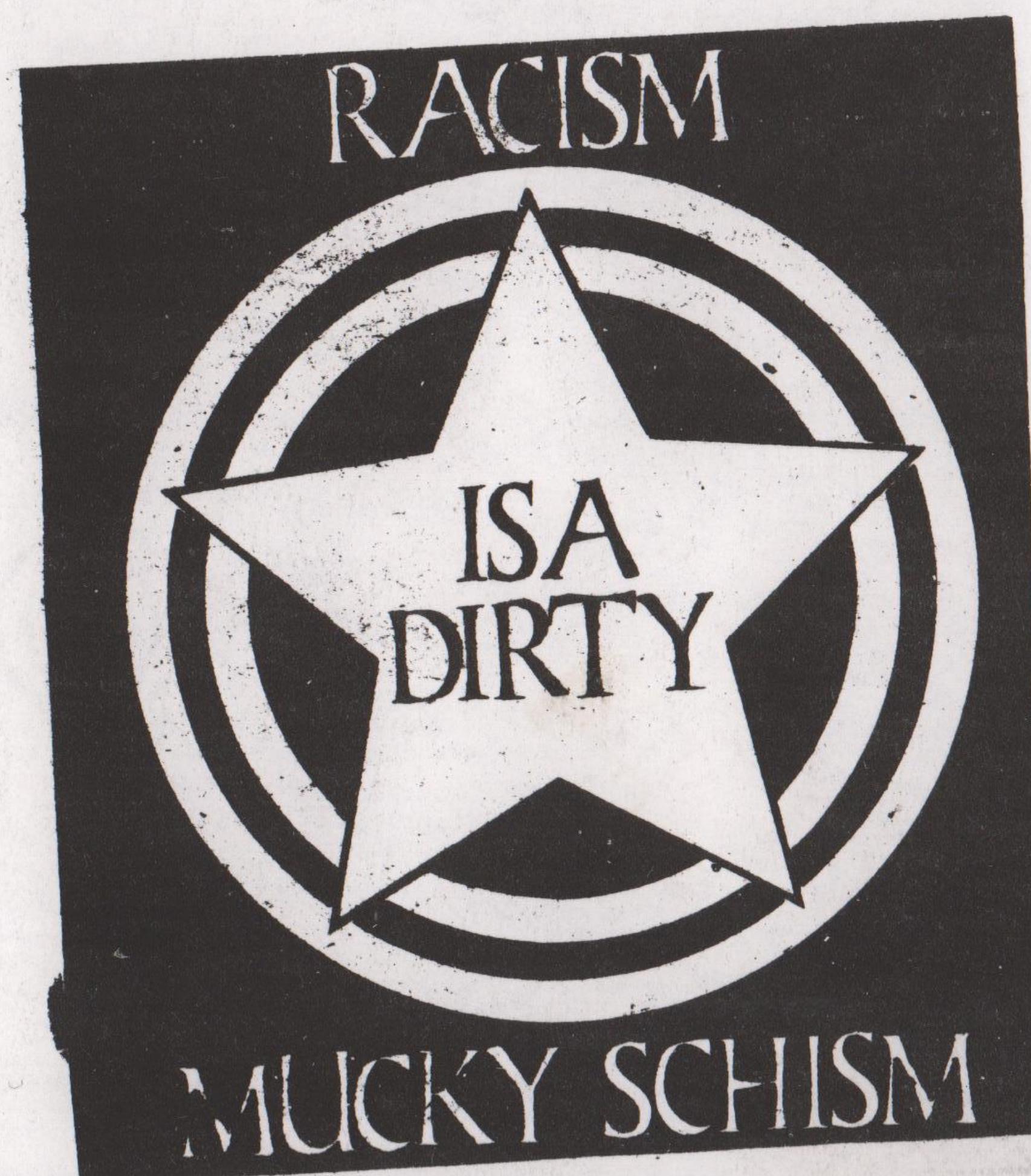
**festival spoilt.**

THERE CAN BE NO SPECTATORS.

...two cars drive round Spitalfields market in East London. Each of them contains a middle aged man desperate to fulfill a prophecy learnt, probably, from some age old Odinist rant misquoted by the lunatic right wing group they no doubt belong to or a least sympathise with. These two men exist: they've been organising groups of youths (between 13-18 yrs old) to rampage the local council estates and attack (yes, I do mean attack, with clubs, sticks and knives) the Asian community there. Proof of this is evident from the conversations we've had with the local inhabitants: I know by sight now two families who are so terrified to leave their homes that they refuse to take their children to school in the morning for fear of being attacked again. Okay, so the Bengali and Hindu religious cults are oppressive and absurd as is the Rastafarian garbage, but that doesn't mean that vicious, brutal attacks on the people concerned are justified or understandable. These attacks must stop. It is astounding how many 'anarchists' and 'punks' and 'militants' will write for poxy fanzines and spout black ink crap about this 'N' that, go on marches and shout it all out so they can say 'we are all under heavy manners' (Alien Kulture), put up posters and scream 'revolution' and yet when we have been stupid enough to assume that encouraging a few dozen of these revolutionaries to come along to one of our patrols to stop these horrific attacks on our people, the response has been complete apathy - IT IS DISGUSTING. These people who buy their poxy little rags like Black Flag & Xtra, where are they when the people they claim to support are being battered to death in an alleyway in Bethnal Green? (Battered to death? Yes, no exaggeration. An incident occurred last year which resulted in a 14 year old Indian boy being KILLED by blows to his head from a monkey wrench.) You still say it can't happen here? If you really desire my reasons for anarchist-slaggering, let's give an example: on our last three patrols (a patrol is basically the forming of about four groups of five or six people walking vigilantly round areas of the city on the lookout for trouble from fascist thugs, then putting the boot in on any bastards we find, so that the local community who are liable to attack are at least offered some form of protection) none of the people I was with were anarchists, nor were they punks, nor were they militants, they were basically people from the community who felt that flag waving rhetoric and bland, stupifying marches were not the answer to fascism on the streets. The time for action is here, and being a member of some crackpot leftwing party is not a pre requisite for solving the problem. Remember that famous Crass quote 'vicious, mindless violence, it's just the same old game; left wing, right wing, it's all the same' well left and right may be similar, yes, but left wing ideas are often not that unreasonable; in fact, most of them are very good indeed. Rather similar to your 'anarchy' at times? The difference, it seems to me, is that non-political people are somewhat better at organising themselves into working (and often autonomous) groups to achieve a particular end. I've been working with East London Workers Against Racism for 4 months. At no time have I ever joined any political party. ELWAR does contain communists, as well as people from SWP, WRP and other loonies. We're not interested in discussing why one form of political dogmatism is preferable to another. We are not interested in pushing our little doctrines and preaching to the masses. We are interested in creating a situation where people can exist and live with each other without this ever present threat of abuse, insults and attacks based on skin colour, appearance, language etc. Is that so unreasonable? Does that make me a mindless, violent leftie? It is easy to criticise (I've been doing a lot of that so far!) but it is even easier to sit back and do nothing. If you're going to preach your 'anarchy' and your 'freedom' then might I suggest you do something a little more active and constructive than merely preaching? Fascism must be smashed, and HARD. The way we treat each other must also be examined. Both are valid activities - but let's not sacrifice one for the glorification of the other. If we're going to work towards any form of libertarian society, surely we can learn to be aware of what is happening and care about it enough to DO something about it?

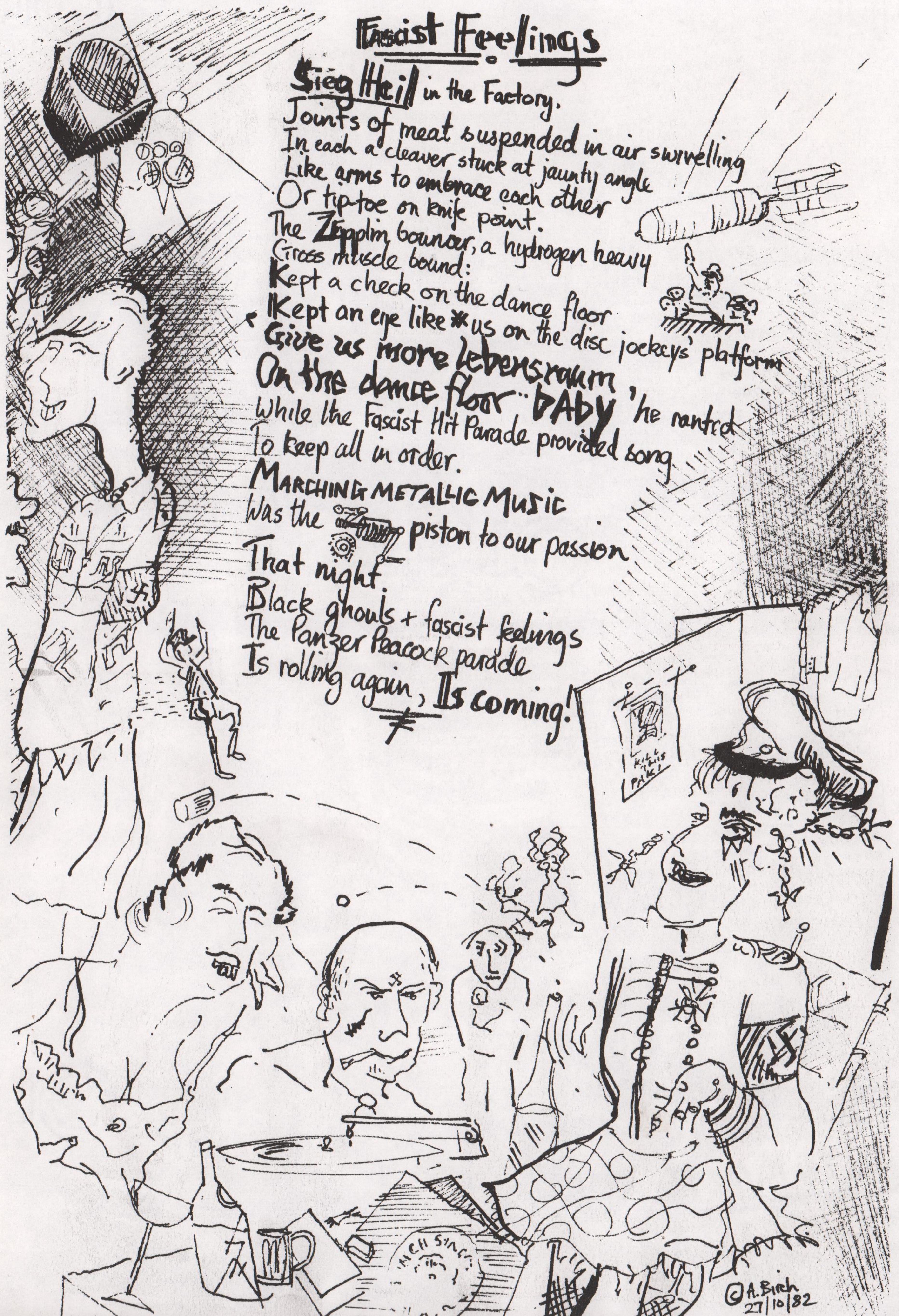
If you're fed up with being pushed around and abused then the answer's simple: STUFF RACISM AND EXISTENTIAL BOLLOCKS - PUT THE FUCKING BOOT IN: HARD!

Anne D. Martin.



# HOW TO FIGHT MENTAL SICKNESS

SAVE OUR  
PURE ARON  
ARTIE  
MASTER RACE



## Fascist Feelings

### Sieg Heil in the Factory.

Joints of meat suspended in air swelling  
In each a cleaver stuck at jaunty angle  
Like arms to embrace each other  
Or tiptoe on knife point.

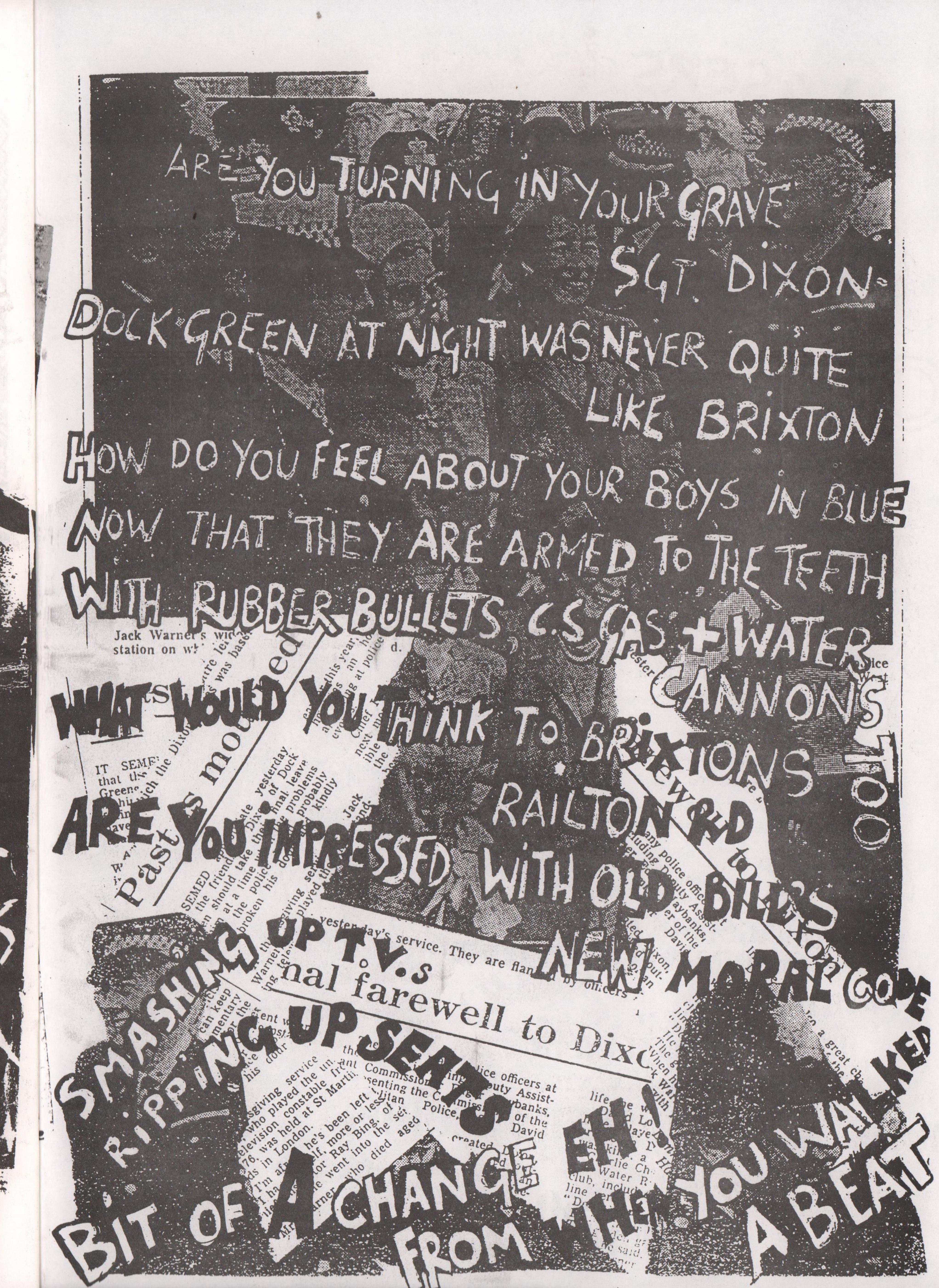
The Zeppelin bouncer, a hydrogen heavy  
Gross muscle bound:

Kept a check on the dance floor  
Kept an eye like us on the disc jockeys' platform  
Give us more Lebensraum  
On the dance floor 'BABY' he rantred  
While the Fascist Hit Parade provided song  
To keep all in order.

MARCHING METALLIC MUSIC  
Was the piston to our passion

That night

Black ghouls + fascist feelings  
The Panzer Peacock parade  
Is rolling again, It's coming!



# LOSERS



THIS IS THE PLAGUE OF ALL MANKIND  
A SORRY CURSE SINCE TIME BEGAN  
TOGETHER WE CAN END THIS -  
TOGETHER I KNOW WE CAN

FASCIST SCUM ARE NOTHING NEW  
BEEN GOING SO MANY YEARS  
WHEREVER THERE'S BEEN A SCAPEGOAT  
WHEREVER THERE'S BEEN SHED TEARS....

IF YOU ARE A FASCIST PUPPET  
THEN YOU ARE A LOSER STILL!  
LOSERS STAY DOWNTRODDEN  
AND YOU ALWAYS WILL!

YOU CAN'T BLAME OTHERS CULTURE  
FOR THE SHIT YOU'RE LIVING IN  
LOOK TO THE REAL ENEMY  
NOT THE COLOUR OF SKIN

DON'T BE A FASCIST LOSER  
LETS GET THIS THING DE-FUSED  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A LOSER  
CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE BEING USED?

DUMB PATRIOTISM...  
NOTHING KEEPS YOU MORE  
SELF OPPRESSED!!

DR. PHIBES

© ACTION  
PACT '82  
**THE RISING SON OF RANTING VERSE E.P.**  
**SEETHING WELL'S LITTLE BROTHER**

**DUB RANTING E.P.**  
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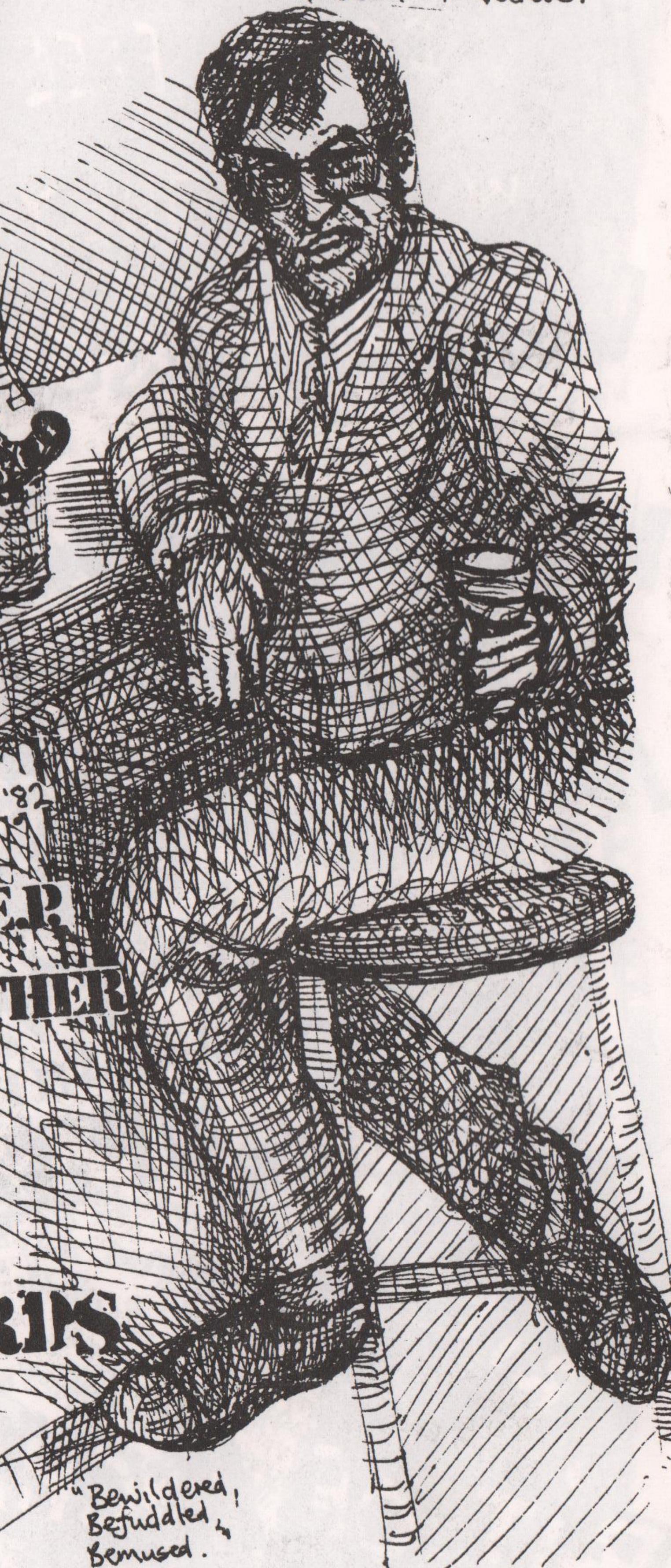
"Recollections of an i.D.P. Councillor  
I've worked on the council -  
I worked on the bins;  
I swept the back streets  
of Society's sins.  
I've heard all these 'Commies' say,  
I tell 'em 'Pal, I'm outta myself.  
I was a Janitor  
in a multi-cultural school.  
I listened to Liberals -  
the broad-minded fools,  
"I can't make my mind up,  
on this or on that."

(When the people are starving  
You keep getting fat.)

I try to be courteous,  
I try to be kind,  
But when I hear Extremists,  
I give 'em MY mind.  
They say, "BE MILITANT."  
I say, "GET LOST."  
They devise all these schemes  
I ask 'em, "The cost?"

I'm now on the Council,  
I vote (AND STAGNATE.)  
I prepare amendments  
to revolutionary breaks.  
I sit on committees  
(AND PASS ON THE BUCK.)  
"Youth Unemployment?...  
I don't give a Fuck."

Graham McAndrew.



HEY, WE ALL KNEW HE WAS SUPERHUMAN  
SAW HIM TEAR WHOLE MARRIAGES APART WITH HIS BARE BODY  
AND EVERYBODY'S FRIEND WAS SMILING  
DOING HIS THING, YOUR THING, MY THING  
AND HE WALKED THROUGH WALLS  
USED TO THREATEN US ALL  
BY NAME

EVERYBODY'S  
FRIEND

IT WAS A GAME, IT WAS A GAME  
HE PLAYED WHEN HE REGALED US  
WITH A DELVE IN THE DARK DETAILS OF OUR SECRET SELVES  
WHERE HE PLUNDERED THE SHELVES FOR FUN  
CARRIED HIS GRIN LIKE A GUN  
SHOT DOWN EVERYONE WITH HIS CALLOUS TONGUE

IT WAS EASY TO TELL  
HE WAS COLD AS HELL  
FROM THE WAY HE WALKED AWAY FROM THE SLAUGHTER  
BUT HE DRANK HIS BEER LIKE WATER  
AND ON TWELVE PINTS OF BITTER AND A LOAD OF DOPE  
HE ALLOWED HIS EGO TOO MUCH SCOPE  
SAID HE'D STORM THE STAGE  
BE THE RAGE  
SPREAD HIMSELF ON THE CENTRE PAGE

SOME HOPE, SUNSHINE, SOME HOPE  
HE'D ABOUT AS MUCH, SOME HOPE  
HE WAS A HERO IN HIS OWN IMAGINATION  
A VICTIM OF SELF-ADMIRATION, YOU AND ME, YOU AND ME BOTH

WHEN SOMEONE ELSE'S HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS  
YOU GATECRASH OTHER PEOPLE'S PARTIES  
BUT IT COMES AS A SHOCK  
WHEN THEY MERELY MOCK  
WHERE YOU EXPECT THEM ALL TO BE DELIGHTED

HE WAS A PAIN IN THE NECK  
A SOCIAL WRECK WHOSE FAMOUS PHALLUS WAS A FALLACY  
AND HE KNEW IT COURTED PHONEY FAME THROUGH FATALITY  
BUT HE BLEW IT WITH A LENGTH OF EVEN COPE  
BUT HE COULDN'T COPE COS HE COULDN'T COPE  
OR A RAZOR BLADE OF ROPE  
SO ALL THAT HE MADE MISFIRE  
AND ALL THAT HE FINALLY ACQUIRED  
WAS A DUBIOUS BRAND OF IMMORTALITY  
NOT THE SORT HE SOUGHT  
BUT ONE THAT HE CAUGHT  
THROUGH THE FLAWS IN HIS OWN PERSONALITY

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND IS ALWAYS AT THE END  
AND EVERYBODY'S FRIEND WAS GETTING FAR IN HIS CAR  
STILL BELIEVING HE WAS GOING TO FAR  
BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT'S ROUND THE NEXT BEND

WRITTEN AND  
LAID OUT BY  
WICK TO ZEEK  
24th OCTOBER 1982

Everybody's Friend

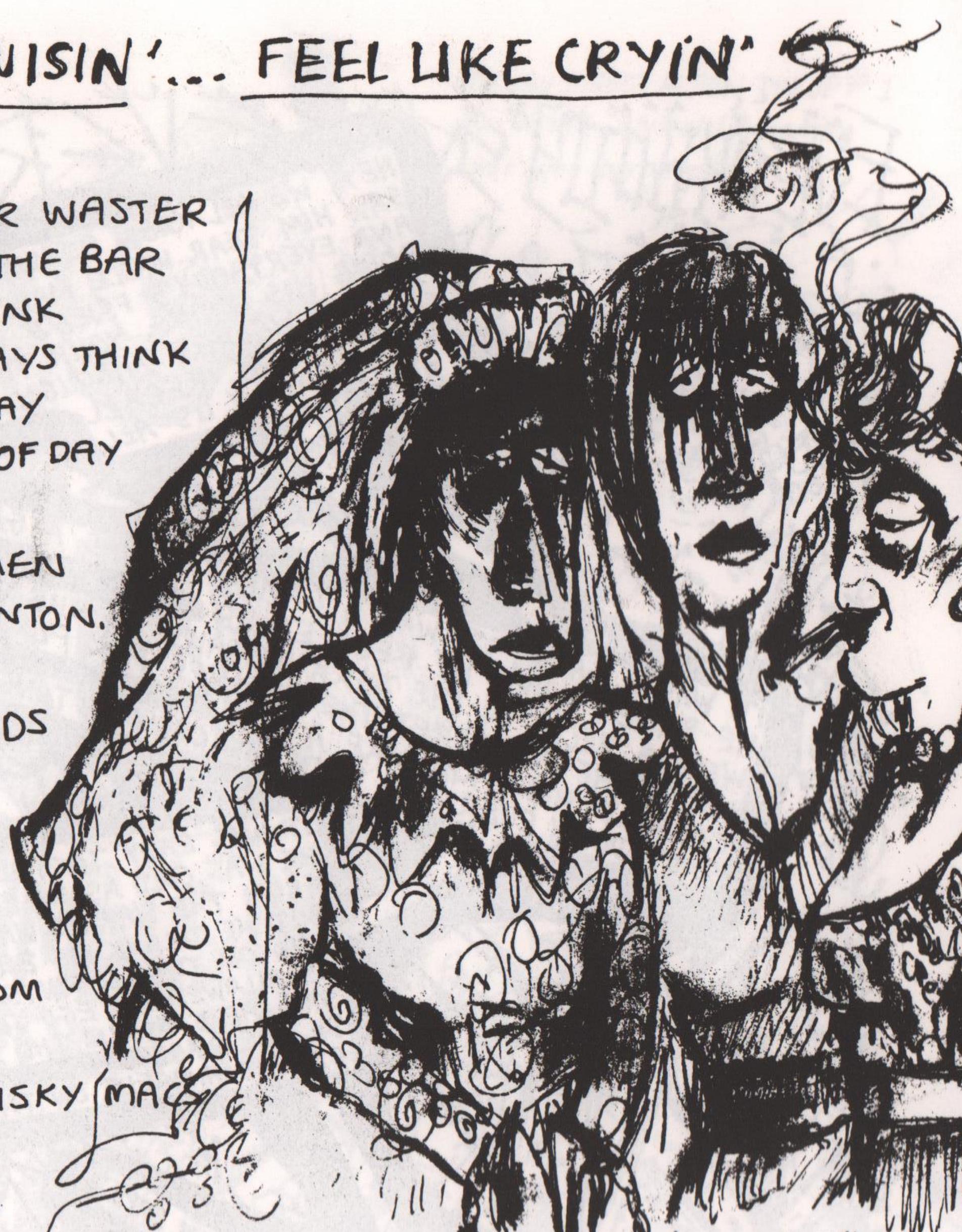
# "UPTOWN CHAPETOWN CRUISIN'... FEEL LIKE CRYIN'"

THIRTEEN BOTTLES DOWN THE SHRIVE-LIVER WASTER  
 EX-CON PETE STUMBLERS IN, STUTTERS AT THE BAR  
 STARES INTO ANOTHER PINT: ANOTHER DRINK  
 AND PETE AND IAN THINK WHAT THEY ALWAYS THINK  
 ABOUT THE QUICKEST PLACE FOR THE FASTEST LAY  
 IN THE AFTERNOON SUNNY INNOCENT TIME OF DAY  
 3PM HANG OUT CHAPETOWN VENDING DEN  
 FLESH SOLD TO SWEATY BATHLESS BUSINESSMEN  
 EVAPORATING DIOR FROM SHIRTS BY MR. FENTON.  
 WATCH BY CARTIER, SHOES FROM MILAN  
 WALKING PRICE TAGS: 'COS THEY'RE OUT WI' LADS  
 PICKING UP THE CARRIER BUGS  
 FROM OLD-STOCK, QUANT-LIPPED "HAGS"  
 OR YOUNG, USED, EMPTY "SLAGS"  
 FLAKING NAILS, PEEP-TOE, KHL-SQUINT  
 CHEAP IDENTITY TAGS, PLASTIC CLIP-ONS FROM  
 JAMBOREE BAGS,

THEY GULP STRAIGHT GINS AND DOUBLE WHISKY  
 THE MINDLESS PRICE FOR A FRONT SEAT GRAB  
 CRUISIN' OVER TO THEIR BACK ROOM BROTHEL.

BUT IAN STUTTERS, "I'VE HAD ENOUGH"  
 SEVENTEEN AND IN A HOSTEL  
 HE'S HAD HIS TIME IN CARE AND BORSTAL  
 PUB COMPANY; EX-JUNKIES ON PROBATION  
 DRAG HIM DOWN INTO THEIR 'FIXED' CREATION  
 ELUSIVE AND LASTING AS PICTURES ON T.V.  
 REAL-LIFE REPEATS OF WORN-OUT OBSCENITY:  
 MAX-FACTORED, SHAVEN IMAGE PORNGRAPHY  
 FUCKED-UP, PACKED UP IN WRAPPERS MARKING IT 'FRESH'  
 SILENCED AND STRANGLED IN CUT-PRICE FISH NETS

"WORR" I'D LIKE TO DIVE INSIDE THAT  
 SLOBBERS EX-CON PETE SWEATING WITH DRINK  
 OFF TO SEE HIS SURROGATE BARDOT  
 CLOSED-EYED THEY'LL NEVER KNOW  
 WHAT HE'S SWEATING OVER AND  
 WHERE THE MONEY GOES  
 COULD BE ANYONE OR THE MIDDLE-AGED "CRONES"  
 LIGHTING-UP, JACKING-UP AND GETTING STONED  
 TO KEEP THE COMFORTABLE SMILES  
 AND A WAD OF NOTES SAFE WITH THE BLACK-BELT  
 HEAVIES  
 CRUISING BACKSTREETS IN SHINY SPORTS CARS  
 CLANKING GOLD IDS.  
 PIMPS POSE STATUS TO MATCH THEIR BLAME  
 FOR ILLEGAL DRINKING AND THE BENT GAMBLING  
 GAME



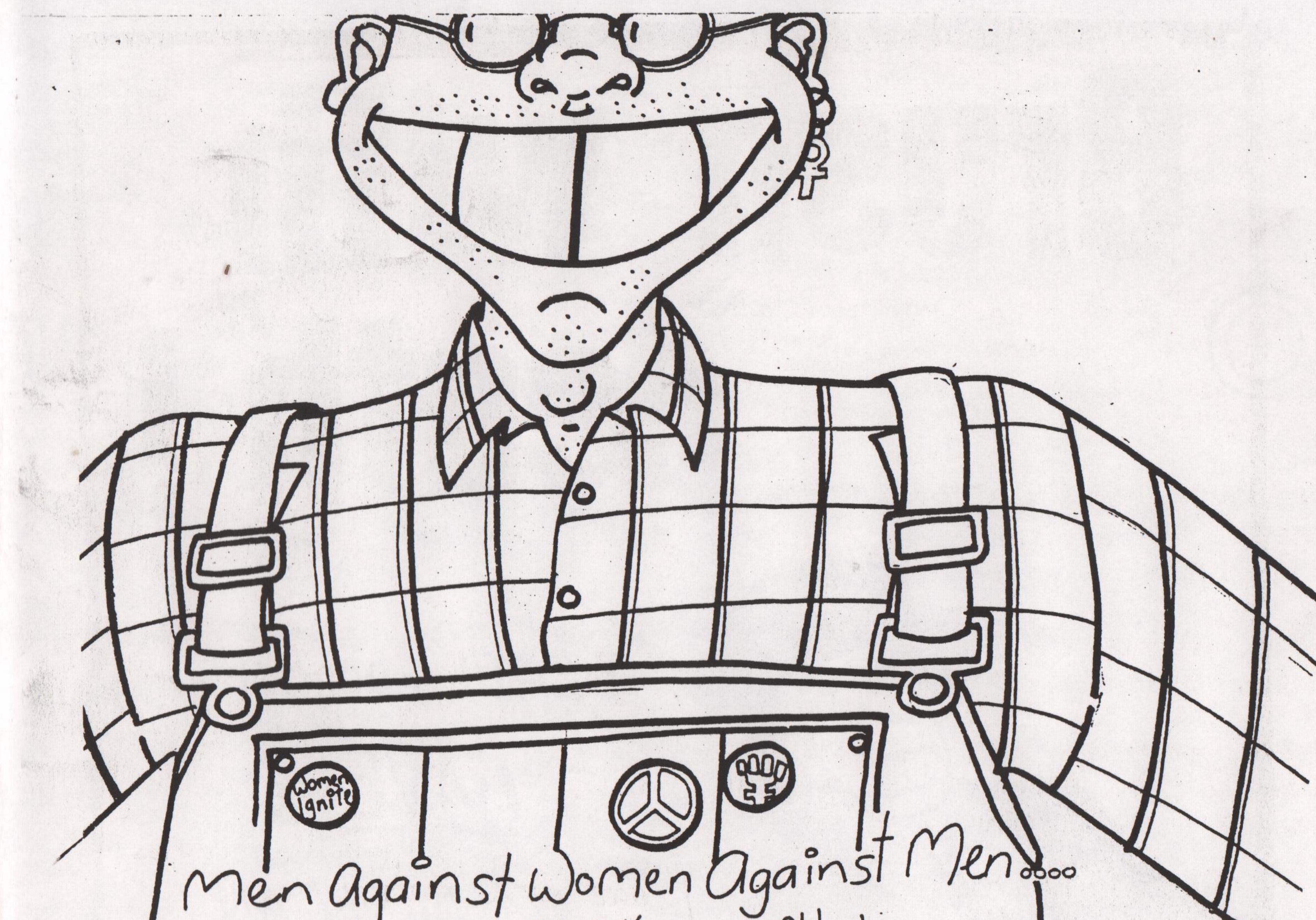
WHILST THEIR BATTERED, "LOVES"  
 ARE OUT GETTING CLUBBED  
 FOR EVERYTHING THE MIDDLE-CLASS  
 CONVENT WIFE CAN'T SERVE UP

IAN AND HIS MATES ARE LIVING IT UP:-  
 HANGING ROUND THE BAR WHILE  
 THE GIRLS PUT ON THEIR MAKEUP:  
 BRUSHING COLOUR ON ANAEMIC FLESH  
 THEN MAKING TEA IN A SEE THRU' DRESS

ANOTHER DAY IN THE 3D CHEAP SHOW  
 BUDGET CABARET IN WORN-OUT  
 STAGE CLOTHES  
 UNDERGROUND REFUGE IN THE 'HANDY  
 WHORE HOLE'

IN LATE AFTERNOON FALLING SHADOW  
 THAT COVER THE BRUISES  
 (BUT SOMEONE KNOWS...?)

... IN THE DAYLIGHT HE FULLS  
 TO THE KERB  
 SNEERING "HEY LINDA, REMEMBER  
 ME?"  
 AND THE AUTOMATIC WINDOWS CLOSE  
 AS HE LAUGHS...  
 .... SHE FEELS LIKE CRYING..



Men Against Women Against Men

"Yes, I like to think I'm committed  
 I feel I can really identify  
 I truly believe in our sister's cause  
 I'm sure, as a man, I can help  
 So many women aren't conscious enough  
 Of the damage that's being done  
 They need someone with determination  
 To open their eyes to the truth  
 Someone to explain feminism to them  
 And guide their thoughts correctly  
 Though I say so myself  
 Who better than I  
 Founder of the campus  
 Men Against Sexism crèche  
 To explain things to them, logically  
 Yes, what these poor misguided women need  
 Is a man to organise and lead them —  
 And anyway, it's the only way I seem  
 To get laid these days...."

# Brush with "death"!

"DEATH" DOESN'T  
HAVE  
TO MEAN AN  
END  
TO DENTAL CARE!

A. DOCTOR

"I'VE BEEN DEAD 35 yr.  
AND STILL GOT ALL  
ME OWN TEETH!"

says  
GNAWMAN TEBBIT  
SECRETARY OF STATE  
DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DECAY

DON'T BE  
ROTTIN'  
IN A COFFIN!  
USE

DEATH!

FAMOUS 'STIFFS' SAY 'YESH!'  
TO POST BURIAL ORAL MAINTAINANCE!

JOHNNY GNASH!  
SIR GOBERT MARK!  
PRINCE FILLING!  
JOANNA GUMLEY!  
KENNETH PLAVUG!  
PLAQUE + BITE MINSTRELS!  
FREDDIE ACMER!  
ADOLF BITLER!  
JAWSEPH GOBBLES!  
TEETH COATED WILLIAMS!  
PAUL MAULY!  
MICHAEL HOROWITZ!  
GNASHER!  
JAWN SAY'AAHM'MATRADING  
CANNING THE BARBARIAN!  
SIR ROBIE DECAY!  
CHAMPION  
T'WONDERHORSE!  
AND MORE!  
GRIN EASTWOOD! TO DEAD TO MENTION! KALI T'OTMIRAL!

## I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE BITTERMAN!

FROM THE MASS GRAVES OF POST BOMB NORTH BRADFORD  
THE BITTERMEN CLIMB TO THEIR FEET  
THEN OVER THE BODIES OF NON-ALCOHOLICS  
THEY CLAMBER UP ONTO THE STREET  
A STRANGE COCKTAIL OF TEETLEYS ALES AND STRONTIUM 235  
HAS KEPT THE BITTER MEN GOING STRONG, AWAKE BUT NOT ALIVE  
IT'S ZOMBIE BITTERMEN  
WHO WALK THE STREETS  
YELLOWED TEETH AND FLESH  
FALL OUT DUST ON CHUNKY SWEATERS  
AND EYES, WHITE, LIKE BOILED EGGS  
SOUTHERN POOLES HAVE DIED IN DROVES  
IN LONDON NOTHING MOVES  
CO'S YOU'RE EASY PREY TO GAMMA RAYS  
DRINKING PISS DISGUISED AS BOOZE  
THE ZOMBIE BITTERMEN WALK IN LINES  
TALKING IN HARSH NASAL WHINES  
ON THE POISONED AIR IS HEARD THE CRY  
'ARTHUR, MINE'S A PINT!'  
COS' NOTHINGS CHANGED IN BRADFORD  
NO NOTHINGS CHANGED AT ALL  
COS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN  
A LIVE AND A DEAD  
TETLEY BITTERMAN  
IS VERY VERY SMALL

SEETHING  
WELLS

## BAN PLASTIC BULLETS!

ANTI SOCIAL WORKERS  
YOU'VE GOT SHIT FOR BRAINS

You can see him sipping sherry in the pub  
He's a member of the rich bogots club  
MCC tie and public school voice  
Money is his freedom of choice

Bred at Harrow - became an action man  
Never questions orders - Maggie's number one fan  
Ordinary people take him sick  
This man rules your life but he's so thick

Chorus

Spoken - he's Wodger Wankshaw

You've got shit for brains  
You're such a bore  
Get you out your privates ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~  
shot off in the ear  
Everyone with a yip class  
Know's it's a battle between them and us

Mummy and daddy got a mansion in Greece  
You never get fucked up by the police  
read the Daily Mail every day  
see the chosen few get their way.

Listen Wodger we don't want a bit more cake  
We want the whole bloody bakery mate  
You may try to crush us to the floor  
we won't show the white flag anymore

New L.P. Record  
Out Soon From This  
FAB Rapping Band



BELFAST

STOLEN FROM 'CORMAC'  
OP-REPUBLICAN NEWS

## NON-BORING NON POETRY

## RANT AGAINST RELICS YAP/YAP!

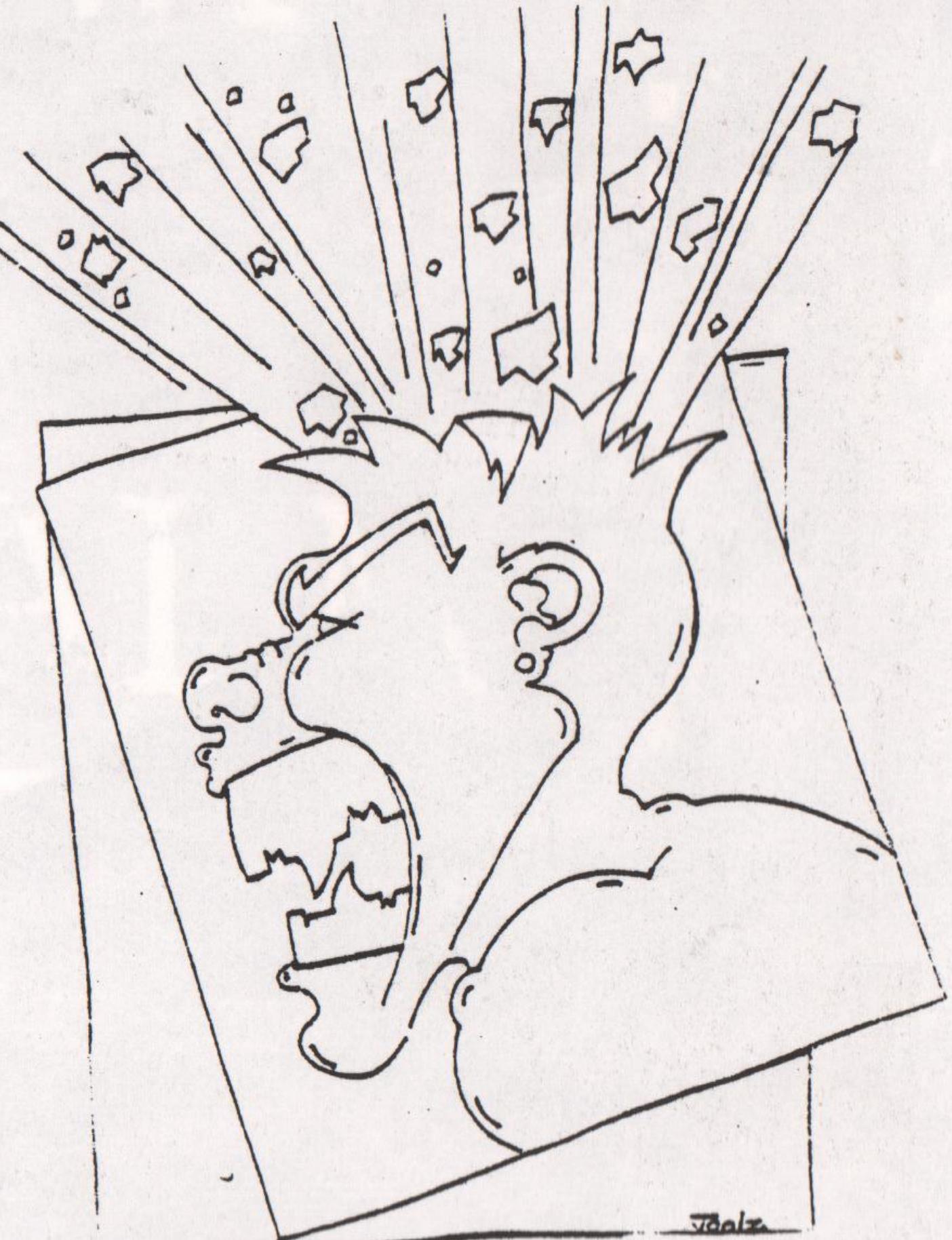
### BERKCHART

**HATE! HATE!**  
GO ON! You know it makes you feel better!  
10 PEOPLE WE'D LIKE TO SEE DIE OF CONSTIPATION

1. NORMAN TEBBIT - HAIRDRESSER  
2. STEVE WRIGHT - AURAL EXPERT  
3. DAVID FROST - MILKY PEEVED YOUNG MAN  
4. PAUL MORLEY - AKA FORTHEWATON THOMAS  
5. PRINCE WILLIAM - GAWD BLESS 'IM!  
6. ASSORTED NAZI PIMPS  
7. JIM 'NICK NICK' DAVIDSON - YEAUCH!  
8. THAT WOMAN! Test THAT WOMAN  
9. PHIL COLLINS - THEIR PET PERRIN  
10. NORMAN TEBBIT'S PET PERRIN  
AND REMEMBER! - IT'S YOUR VOTE THAT COUNTS!

10 TWITS WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
SMOOTHERED IN THE LOT

1. JONATHAN KING 'IM SO FUCKING BORED WITH THE USA'  
2. C. HEGGERS  
3. NICK 'BAMBI' CHEGGERS HEYWARD  
4. BERNARD MANNING  
5. RONALD REAGAN  
6. IAN PAISLEY - SON OF CHEGGERS  
7. GARY NUMAN  
8. STEVE STRANGE - CHEGGERS Lookalike  
9. JOHN LYDON  
10. YOKO ONO NEC' CHEGGERS  
VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!



The poetry limppicks limp on endlessly  
Churning out poetry to be stuck up in galleries  
And worshiped by the

"Yes Yes Darlings - but is it ART?"

Sad old men discuss their problems  
Like the last time they maintained erections  
Back in 1967

When poetry stank of peace and love  
The perfumed pen in the velvet glore  
The 'me' generations blubbering hit men  
Zen and the art of being boring  
When adulation was rows and rows  
of slowly dozing folk in the know  
The Guardian crippled - self appointed Art  
"Oh god he's finished!"

"Yes that was marvelous!"

Amazing syntax - a powerful image!  
Never mind its mindless garbage  
It's Poetry darling - Art!"

ME ME ME - I did this  
ME and ROGER went and got pissed

Back in '67  
When poetry meant the after effects  
OF too much booze down well scrubbed necks

Conversations with marijuana plants  
Subsidised by Arts Council grants  
Paying for the public wank  
And sold to the giggling perfumed rankers  
of Laura Ashley acid heads

Poetry choked on its own foul offal  
Poetry is fucking awful  
Poetry is dead - official  
Seething Wells

### EPSILON CHANTING

### MANICRANTING

### NON BORING NON POETRY

### A CHUNDERING THUNDER

### OF SUBNORMAL

### CRAP



**BLOOD FOR DIRT**  
Hadnt realised that I wanted a war  
Sees misled unity, theres blood on the handle of the door  
And 'Blood for Dirt' in polls beats "Game for a Laugh"  
Top television whispers "Vive le psychopath"  
And its chanted in bars, sipping continental lager  
But belching british breath  
Thatll get into your eyes, and itll change your mind  
Hadnt realised.

See here, you want babies? you want beer?  
Look here, why brew babies? why brew beer?

Want drugs? sex? choice  
Then dont choose death, Use your loaf,

Dont vote death  
Unless-yes to none of this, bet on the wrong horse  
Your cash and your trust put on a false one

Dead at the starting gate, the so called sure fire  
And they sure will fire and youll cheer them on.

Some people dont even have gardens  
Some people have never seen dirt

Some lust to fondle dirt  
Some people even fight for dirt

I say give everybody the right to dirt  
Give everybody a right to live

And demand cheaper bus fares Now!

from The Nightingales "Pigs On Purpose"

### IN THIS ISSUE YOU HAVE ENDURED:

CARLTON B. MORGAN

JON LANGFORD

JOOZ DENBY

WILD WILLY BECKETT

ACTION PACT

THE NIGHTINGALES

THE COMRADE

MICK TURPIN

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

MARIK MI-WURDZ

RED MO

HERMA ZEETA

VARIOUS APOSTLES

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

ANARCHOS

THE ANTI SOCIAL WORKERS

SEETHING WELLS

IAN ARMSTRONG

BANNO

GINGER JOHN THE DOOMSDAY

COMMANDO

GRAHAM Macdonald

Alex Birch

With thanks to:-

LUU Printers

SMASH Agency

And everybody

else who sent in stuff

to be printed. Mebbe

Next time

### DO YOU LIKE THE

### NEW LETTERING?



### MOLOTOV COMICS

### GO FOR IT

### DARLING, LOVELY TO SEE YOU!

Tell us, are you jealous  
when they're out with a mate  
when they're pubbing and clubbing  
and they come home late

When they lie and cry  
and offer alibis  
but they blow it and you know it  
cos you read their eyes?

And you want to shout but you just say nowt.  
Then some silly bugger goes and intercedes  
With: "Nothing ever happens in Bradford and Leeds."  
And you say: "No doubt... if you never go out.  
There's a lot of bloody psychopaths about."

And streets away another headling breeds  
in an urban alley where a victim bleeds.

And you think about the views that you heard on the news  
and who from history stands accused

of dreadlock deadlock  
streets of Soweto  
and the queues of Jews  
in the Warsaw ghetto  
and the lives of wives  
in washing machines  
and the gore of war  
with the Argentines.

But down in London  
it all gets undone.  
Not an ounce of passion'll  
rock the smugly rational  
patronising Amnesty International  
as trendy comics and old pop stars  
mix with the rich in theatre bars.

Reasonable attitudes, liberal platitudes,  
Jolly Concert japes and capers  
leading to write-ups in the papers.

"Darling, lovely to see you! What a simply super show!"  
There's absolutely everybody here that I know...  
and wasn't dear John Cleese divine?"

Next week's jaunt is a cheese and wine  
That's either for Israel or Palestine.

But I really like what you've done with your hair  
and I really wanna hear about your latest affair  
and the places you've been and the things that you got  
and the mood that you're in and who said what.

Very little improves and most gets worse  
but I make no moves, I just write verse  
cos between me and you, it's not what you do,  
it's who screws who in the human zoo.

WRITTEN by  
NICK TOCZEK  
17th July '82